The Voyageur

TRAINING SCHOOL

1496
1919

Florence Louise Drake.

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SAINT LUKE'S TRAINING SCHOOL

Blue Cross Prayer

Most merciful God, Whose Blessed Son Jesus Christ, didst minister to the sick and suffering, and didst also command His Disciples to take up the Cross and follow Him, grant to us Thy servants so to imitate Thy Son that we may be loving, pitiful and faithful in all our ministrations to Thy sick servants; support us in our work; shield us from temptation; help us to live in sympathy one with another, and at last bring us to Thy rest, through the same, Thy Son Jesus Christ. Amen.

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The Voyageur

1496

SAINT LUKES TRAINING SCHOOL

Dedication

To Our Instructress

Ella Best

Whose enthusiastic aid and inspiration have made possible this first Annual of St. Luke's Training School, we, the Class of 1919, respectfully dedicate our volume.

"'Tis the thought she brings
That sings and sings
Into the heart of you,
'Til it flows and glows
And finally grows
Into visions of dreams come true."

ELLA BEST, R. N.
Supervisor of Instruction

Salutation

Dear Public:

If you want to make this, my first appearance, a success won't you please peruse me with a loving heart and I will try to repay you with my beauty, my cordiality, my intellect, and my frankness. Together we will learn that the glory of life is to love, to give and to serve.

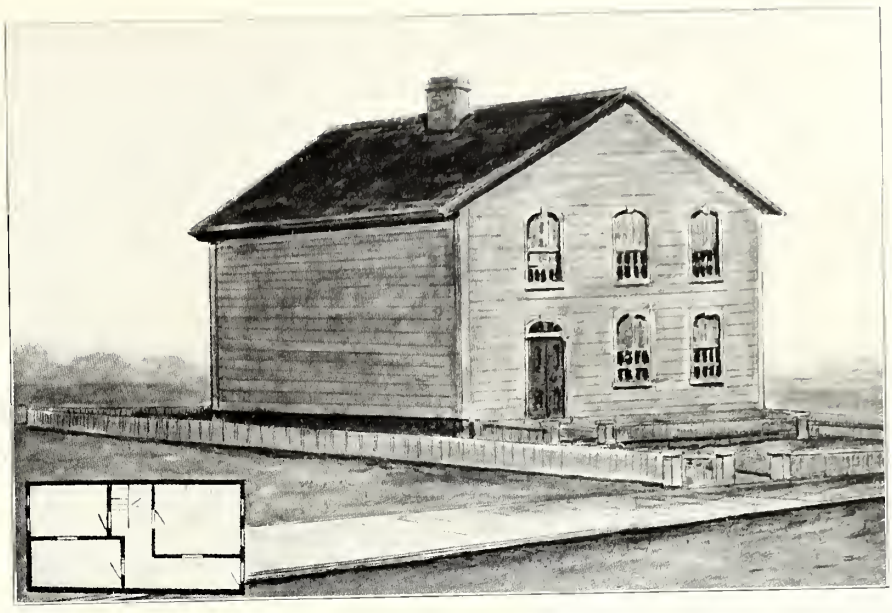
May I sign myself,

Your St. Luke's friend,

"THE VOYAGEUR."

MICHIGAN AVENUE FRONT

MAIN OFFICE



St Luke's Hospital, First Building, 1864

St. Luke's Hospital

By the Rev. George D. Wright, Chaplain

ON A SUNDAY morning early in 1864, the Rev. Clinton Locke, rector of Grace Church, preached a sermon to his congregation, in the course of which he told of the great need in the city of a "clean, free Christian place where sick poor might be cared for." After the service, Mrs. Locke invited some of the members of the "Camp Douglas Society" into the rectory to consider the matter with the rector. This society of women had been organized to supply the sick soldiers of Camp Douglas with needed comforts. The result of the interview was a request that the rector lead them in an effort to found a Church hospital. He consented to do so gladly. So a meeting of those interested was held on February 18th, 1864, at the home of Mrs. B. F. Hadduck. A simple constitution was framed and officers were elected: Rev. Clinton Locke, president; Mrs. W. Franklin and Mrs. H. W. Hinsdale, vice-presidents; Mrs. B. F. Hadduck, treasurer; Mrs. Aaron Haven, secretary, and Doctor Walter Hay, house physician. A small frame house with pleasant surroundings, on State Street, near Eldredge Court, was rented and the Hospital opened with seven beds. A few months afterwards a large brick house about three blocks farther south on State Street came on the market and was rented. This afforded room for eighteen beds.

Up to this point it had been a parish enterprise. The importance of inviting the interest of Churchmen throughout the diocese was apparent. A meeting of some well known Churchmen, willing to act as trustees, was held and an organization perfected and incorporated under a charter drawn up by Mr. Melville Fuller, then a member of the State Legislature, afterwards Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. This provided for holding property to the value of $100,000 free from taxation. Without Dr. Locke's knowledge, a clause was inserted making him president as long as he remained rector of Grace Parish. This incorporation was a great step in advance. Another was

taken at this time when the services of Miss Sarah Miles as matron and head of the house was secured. For many years she was the presiding genius of the hospital. The present housekeeper, Mrs. Jane Herchmer, for more than twenty-five years connected with St. Luke's, is a most worthy successor.

Early in 1871 the hospital was moved to a large frame building on Indiana Avenue, built for a workingman's boarding house, and secured for the hospital through the generosity and zeal of Mr. John De Koven, the treasurer, and Mr. E. K. Hubbard, its secretary. Money for the furnishing was raised largely by a concert, netting $731, promoted by Mrs. John Tilden. A fair was given under the direction of Mrs. Hadduck, netting $1,212, and the first of a series of charity balls given by Mrs. N. K. Fairbank, Mrs. H. O. Stone, and friends. In October, 1871, occurred the great fire. St. Luke's, working in co-operation with the "Relief and Aid Society," rendered much relief to the fire sufferers, in turn receiving considerable material benefit.

In this unpretentious building the good work was carried on with much self-sacrifice and devotion and with creditable results until 1881, when the first steps towards a new building were taken. By that time a building fund of $8,000 had accumulated. Mr. N. K. Fairbank purchased for $10,000 and donated to the hospital one hundred feet additional frontage on Indiana Avenue. He and his friends also gave $20,500 towards the purchase of one hundred feet frontage on Michigan Avenue just back of the Indiana Avenue site. Gifts of $25,000 from Dr. Tolman Wheeler and of $5,000 each from Messrs. N. K. Fairbank, J. W. Doane, P. D. Armour, E. H. Sheldon, C. K. Cummings, Marshall Field, and George Armour, encouraged the trustees to proceed with the building. The corner stone was laid on All Saints Day, 1882. The full plan consisted of five buildings with connecting corridors. Four of them were erected at this time.

The total cost was $151,037, all of which except $10,000 had been subscribed on the date of the opening, January 29th, 1885. A donation of $25,000 from the estate of W. B. Ogden, and a gift of $5,000 from Mr. E. H. Sheldon helped materially to this result. The necessity for a Training School was now pressing, and Dr. Owens and Mrs. Locke set themselves to the task. A school was soon organized on the general plan of the Illinois Training School for Nurses. Under the direction of Miss Lett, Miss Hutchinson, the late Miss Johnstone and Miss Collins, this School became well established, and took an enviable position in the nursing world. Comfortable quarters for the nurses were provided in 1886, when Mr. Byron Smith added two stories to the west building at an expense of $13,000, one floor for the obstetrical department, and the other for the nurses. This year $10,000 from the estate of Mr. John De Koven, and $15,000 from that of Mrs. Clarissa Peck were added to the endowment fund. In the year 1888 the Johnston wing of the hospital was begun. Mr. Samuel Johnston, a Churchman, had left $55,000 by legacy, which his family desired should be used for this building. Mr. W. H. Getty gave $1,000 to furnish the Getty Ward, Mrs. W. G. Hibbard $1,000 to furnish the "Hibbard" Ward, and various other friends money to furnish the rooms on the top floor. Miss Florence Pullman, now Mrs. Frank O. Lowden, furnished the beautiful children's ward in a most complete manner. The capacity of the hospital was then increased to 152 beds. Additional room for nurses was required. This was furnished by raising the attic of the northwest pavilion, for which Mrs. E. H. Stickney gave $900. Her interest in the nurses finally culminated in a bequest of $55,000 for the erection of a nurses' home in memory of her husband, by which pleasant quarters for fifty nurses were provided. This building was opened in 1898, when there were forty-two nurses on the roll.

In August, 1891, an organization known as the Association of the Blue Cross was incorporated, to provide means of every character for the benefit of nurses, to take care of them in illness, accident or misfor-

tune and to raise the standard of the school by striving to make "the Spirit and Fear of the Lord" the basis of all work.

Pupil nurses and others interested in the school were eligible to membership and were admitted formally by proper office in the Chapel.

The badge of membership was a Latin Cross worked in blue on the sleeve of the left arm. It was recommended that all members use the Blue Cross prayer daily.

Mrs. Clinton Locke, Miss Champlin and Miss Lett were chosen as directors. Miss Lett was then Superintendent of the Training School, a Bellevue graduate, in whose office in St. Luke's Hospital the first committee met for the purpose of organizing the "American Society of Superintendents," which in 1911 became the National League of Nursing Education. Miss Lett died in 1893, after five years as Superintendent of the Training School.

The "Clinton," now the "Saranac," was built in 1893, in the hope of increasing the income of the hospital.

In the autumn of 1894, Dr. Locke retired from the presidency of the hospital, and was made honorary president. Mr. Arthur Ryerson was unanimously elected to the presidency. For nineteen years he was a faithful friend and trustee, and for eight years president of the hospital. During six years of this period, the Rev. J. W. Van Ingen was superintendent. He resigned in 1890 to take up parochial work again.

With the advent in 1899 of Mr. L. R. Curtis, the present most efficient superintendent, a new era began. Rich in hospital experience, he took up the work with the hand of a master. The hosptial was soon put on a self-supporting basis. A deficit of $47,000 was paid off. Necessary repairs to the building were made. But they were becoming rapidly antiquated and unfit to meet the increasing demands of a rapidly growing city. He therefore worked out a comprehensive plan for new buildings equal to the demands for years to come. A part of this plan was realized in 1908 through the generosity of Mr. James Henry Smith, a friend of Mr. Leslie Carter, then and for eight years before his death, the president of the Board. He had long been a friend and patron of the hospital. Through him Mr. Smith was made acquainted with its needs. In the George Smith memorial, generous provision has been made for the accommodation of the well-to-do, although even now not equal to the pressing demands. This section of St. Luke's is a model hospital, fireproof to the last degree, strictly modern in its equipment, scientifically administered, yet so free from a "hospital atmosphere," that it seems more like a "home hotel."

St. Luke's was started as a free hospital. In 1865 one hundred and twenty-five patients were cared for; in 1873, 248 patients; in 1880, 384 patients; in 1890, 1,050 patients; in 1915, 8,604 patients, of whom 39 per cent were free. For such and for a multitude of afflicted who desire lower priced rooms than are provided in the "Smith Memorial," new buildings are sorely needed, as also for the laboratory, X-ray, and other departments. Plans for a fourteen-story building to replace the Indiana Avenue buildings, and extending along the Indiana Avenue frontage of 304 feet, have been made. It is purposed now to erect a section about 250 feet long to meet pressing needs and to afford temporary accommodations for the nurses until a suitable building is erected for them. For money to do this the Board of Trustees, of which Mr. W. J. Bryson is now president, has made a public appeal. Members of the Board have subscribed most liberally, as has been the case in the Woman's Board, an auxiliary to the Board of Trustees, the purpose of which is to arouse interest in the hospital, and to secure donations of linen, delicacies for free patients, reading matter, etc.

This Board was organized very early in the history of the Hospital and under different names has enlisted the interest of many of the most influential women of the city from time to time, proving a very efficient aid to the hospital work. The demand for the additional accommodations for

nurses is most imperative. The present "Home" was designed many years ago to provide for the care of forty or fifty nurses. Now there are 150 pupil nurses and about twenty officers and instructors in the Training School, besides about fifty graduates and special nurses. To enable the present directress, Mrs. Macdonald, to keep up the standard of the school, better and larger quarters are essential.

As noted in the beginning of this sketch, the hospital was made to meet the need for Christian service. The whole conception was that of a devoted priest of the Church. Dr. Locke was the chaplain until his death, although several others did the active work under his direction. The late Bishop Toll began his ministerial work here; Rev. George S. Todd was twelve years in residence; the Reverends W. D. McLean, Percival McIntyre, William Grant, Edward Warren, Charles T. Susan, Alfred T. Perkins, and others for lesser periods of time. The present chaplain is completing his twentieth year in residence.

Daily chapel and ward services have been maintained for years. The religious influence is certainly one of the most important in the training of the pupil nurses. The ministrations of the chaplain are welcomed and appreciated not only by the patients, but as well by the doctors and friends interested in them.

Until recent years the Social Service work has fallen upon him. Now, through the efforts of Miss Susanne Ryerson and the Women's Board, the Social Service work has been thoroughly organized including an Occupational School and Kindergarten for patients especially in the children's department, engaging the services of four skilled workers under the most efficient direction of Miss Zoe Harpster. This department is cooperating with many other agencies in the city for general assistance of the poor who come under its care.

The hospital is indeed a valuable asset to the great work of the Church and her Master. Churchmen cannot afford to see its influence wane or lag for lack of proper equipment.

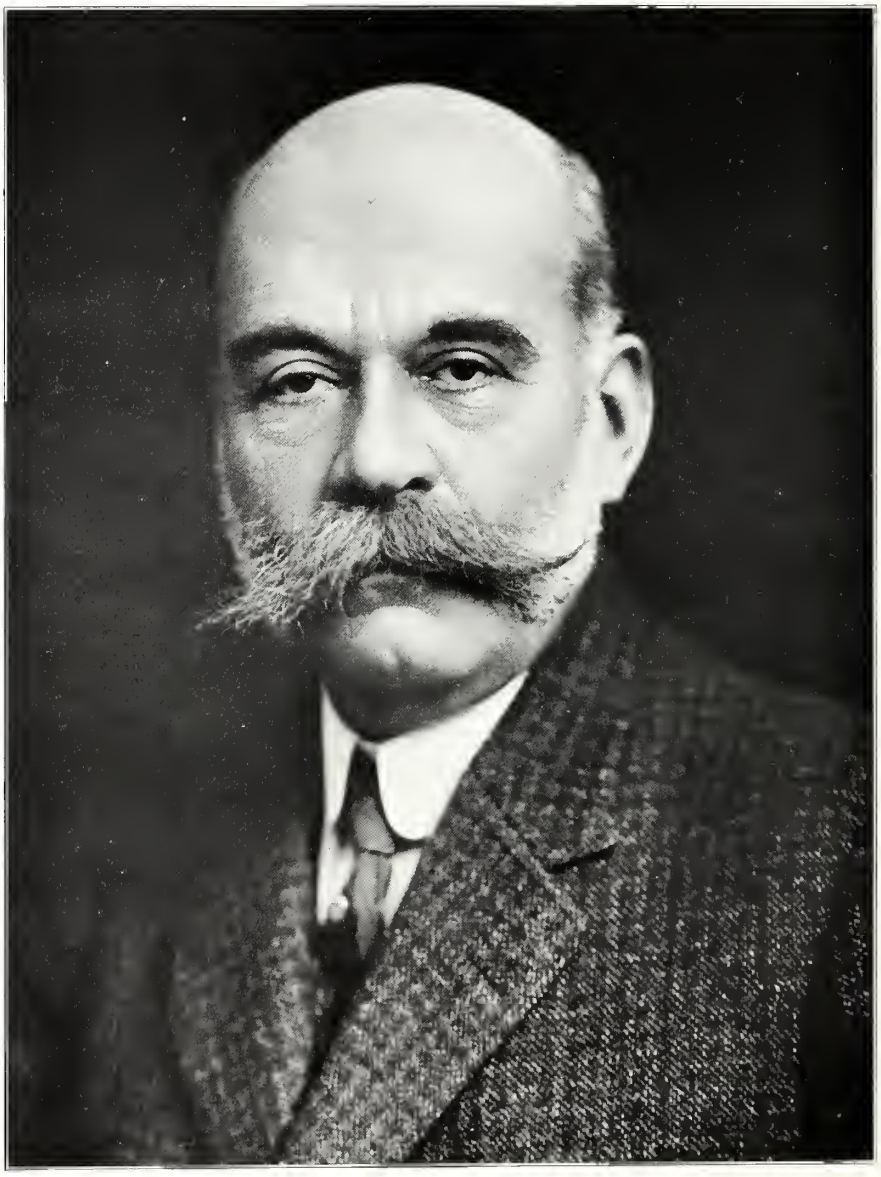
As the project for new buildings has developed, the Bishop and many of the clergy have been at one with the chaplain in the feeling that a prominent feature of the plant should be a chapel building in keeping with the hospital buildings projected. Such seemed also the feeling of the superintendent who, in the very beginning of his planning, asked the chaplain to make a sketch of what he thought desirable. This was done several years since, the plan composing a commodious, substantial, churchly chapel, with chaplain's quarters, library room, etc., and beneath the chapel, an assembly room for entertainments, gatherings of various sorts, gymnasium purposes, and such like. For this the chaplain has been quietly working during several years. He has not urged the matter because the time did not seem ripe. Much interest has been manifested, some encouragement given. Although $50,000 or more would be needed for the purpose, success seems certain.

The time is ripe now for an earnest effort. Such a chapel building would be a fitting memorial indeed to some departed friend of the Hospital, especially to Dr. and Mrs. Locke.

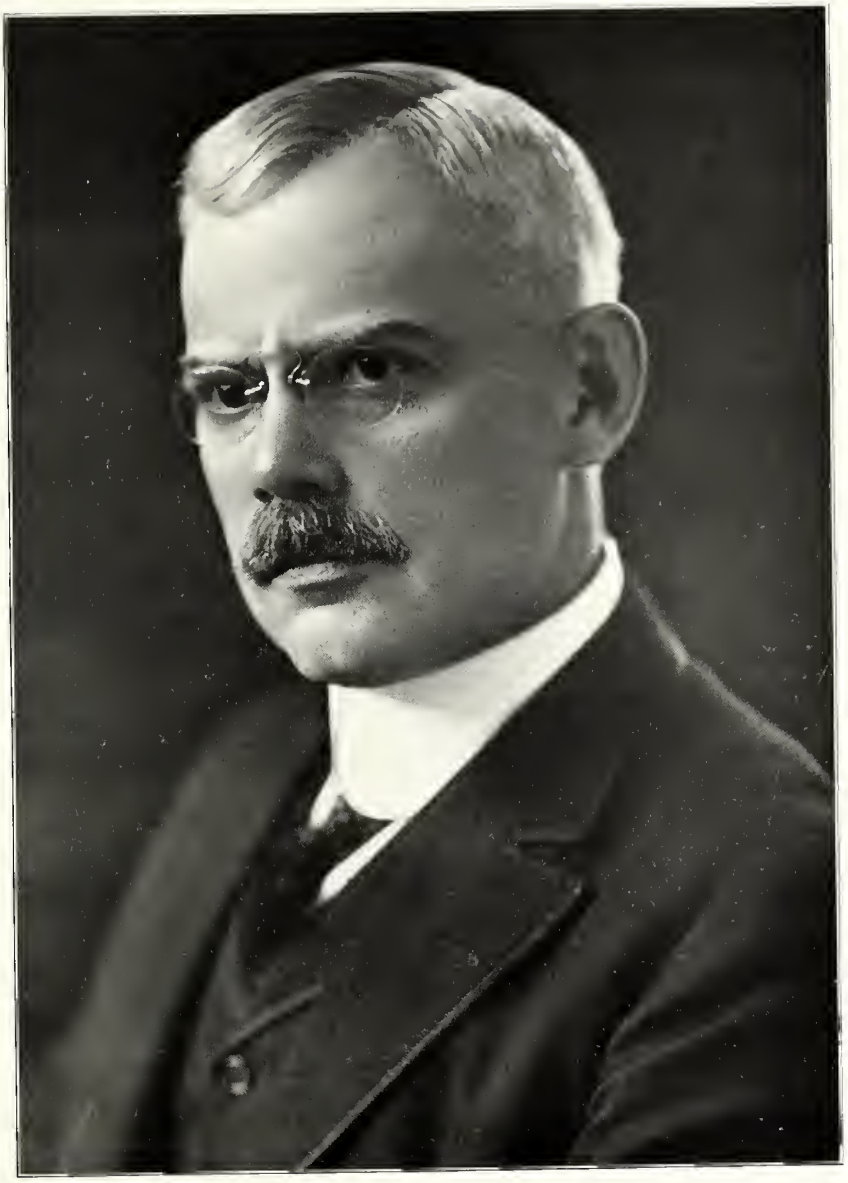
What building at such a cost would serve a more splendid purpose? It would be a very acceptable addition to the many memorials at St. Luke's, of which special mention cannot be made in an article like this. Their very mention calls to mind a long list of friends and benefactors whose names must of necessity be omitted here, although worthy of the highest honor for their devotion and self-sacrificing efforts in building up this splendid institution.

From the small beginning in 1864, under the inspiration of those devoted people Dr. and Mrs. Locke, both of whom have now entered into life eternal, have developed this truly noble institution with its record of good works extending over more than five decades and its brilliant prospects for far more effective services in the years to come.

INDIANA AVENUE FRONT



WILLIAM J. BRYSON
President of Board of Trustees

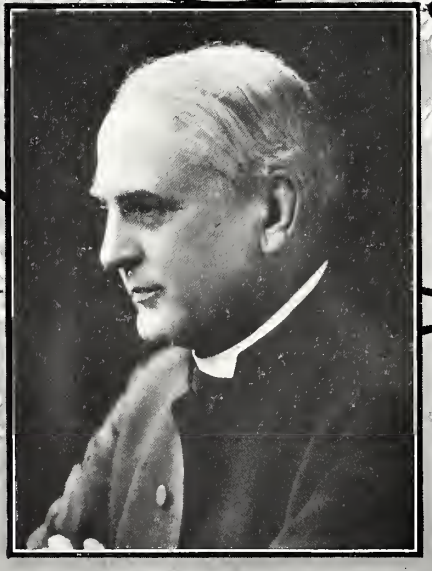


LOUIS R. CURTIS
Superintendent

Mrs. Wm G. HIBBARD

Mrs. JANE HERCHMER

PEOPLE WORTH KNOWING



Bp. CHARLES P. ANDERSON

Rev. GEORGE D. WRIGHT

Mrs. W. G. Hibbard

MRS W. G. HIBBARD is well known and loved by all who have ever been connected with St. Luke's Hospital. In 1888 Mrs. Hibbard endowed the Hibbard Ward and has been untiring in her interest which extends far beyond her favorite ward.

She has always remembered the nurses with kindly thoughts and little gifts at the holiday seasons. Her personal interest in the individual members of the Training School is most highly appreciated. Her spotless cap and kerchief and her cheery smile make her "the little grandmother of the Blue Cross Nurses."

Mrs. Herchmer

December 21, 1918, at a reception in the Training School, Mrs. Herchmer celebrated her twenty-fifth anniversary of service in St. Luke's Hospital. Father Wright gave the address of the evening, going back to 1893 when Mrs. Herchmer first assumed the duties of the Hospital office; of "how alert, affable, sympathetic and efficient Mrs. Herchmer always was," with "old George the faithful," in the capacity of night clerk, everyone knew all possible consideration would be given the patients.

After six years in the office, Mrs. Herchmer was appointed Hospital Housekeeper, a position which she has now held for nineteen years.

Many nurses have been graduated in this time, each with a very deep feeling of respect, some who were privileged to become warm friends, never think of St. Luke's without remembering Mrs. Herchmer. The internes, too, share the same feeling of respect for the "little woman" who with Father Wright presides in their dining room.

Mrs. Herchmer was born in Toronto Township, Ontario, Canada, in 1853 and is the widow of the late George Seymour Herchmer of Belleville, Ontario.

Bishop Anderson

Charles Palmerston Anderson was born in Kempville, Ontario, September 8th, 1863; educated at Trinity College, Toronto, from which he received his degree of Doctor of Divinity, ordained Deacon in 1887; advanced to the priesthood in 1888, Rector of Grace Church, Oak Park, Ill., 1891-1900, Consecrated Bishop Coadjutor of the Diocese of Chicago in Grace Church, Chicago, Feb. 24th, 1900, honored with degree of S. T. D., by the Western Theological Seminary, Chicago, and became the Bishop of the Diocese in February, 1905. At present Bishop Anderson is on a very important mission to Constantinople and adjacent parts in the interest of Christian Unity.

Father Wright

George Deming Wright was born at Huron, Ohio, in 1857, of Scotch, English and French ancestry. Educated at Public Schools, Latimer Hall, Fenton, Michigan; University of Michigan and the General Theological Seminary, New York.

Two years Principal of the High School, Corunna, Michigan; one year in charge of building St. Paul's Church, Corunna; ordained in St. John's Church at Saginaw, Michigan, June, 1885. Five years assistant of St. John's, one year in Morgan Park, seven years in charge of Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul, Chicago.

Father Wright is now in his twentieth year as resident Chaplain of St. Luke's Hospital, his influence is of great value in the training of young women as student nurses.

ADDA ELDREDGE, R. N.
Interstate Secretary A. N. A., N. L. N. E.

Miss Eldredge

MISS ADDA ELDREDGE, whose home was in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, came to St. Luke's Hospital Training School for Nurses, in August, 1897, graduating December 22, 1899.

After a broad experience in private duty, Miss Eldredge came back to her Alma Mater as one of the Graduate Assistants. In 1907, Miss Eldredge traveled up and down the State of Illinois for four months on a very meager salary, as an indefatigable advocate of the Nurses' Registration Bill, working untiringly for its legislation. In 1908 Miss Eldredge took charge of the Preliminary Course in the Training School. It was, indeed, a very rare privilege to have been one of Miss Eldredge's pupils. Her high professional ideals of all that she would have a nurse become has left a lasting impress on the students with whom she came in contact. In 1911 and '12 Miss Eldredge served as President of the Illinois State Association for Graduate Nurses, during this time the Association organized and put into operation the Chicago Nurses' Club which now means so much to the nurses of this community. Again in 1913 when the State Registration Bill was attacked Miss Eldredge's statesmanship in nursing affairs was comparable to any who could oppose her regarding nursing education. As a result a new and better law was passed, which raised the standards of graduate nurses and training schools, higher than they had been heretofore. This same year Miss Eldredge was elected First Vice-President of the American Nurses' Association, a position which she held for five consecutive years.

At the end of seven years of educational work in St. Luke's Training School, Miss Eldredge spent a year at Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York, after which she was given a position on the nursing staff of the Association for Improving the Conditions of the Poor, commonly spoken of as the A. I. C. P., in New York City.

In 1917, the National Groups of Nurses chose Miss Eldredge as Interstate Secretary to represent the National League of Nursing Education and the American Nurses' Association, throughout the United States. At this time her broad catholicity, experience, and ability stood out conspicuously in the reorganization plan of the American Nurses' Association, stimulating enrollment in the American Red Cross Nursing Service and promoting interest in the American Journal of Nursing, serving in Washington for three months on the Committee of Applications, of the Department of Nursing of the General Medical Board of the Council of National Defense. The directness and clearness with which Miss Eldredge presented nursing problems redounded much to the advancement of our profession, and she became a prophet with even more honor than hitherto in her own State of Illinois. This year, 1919, Miss Eldredge is serving on the Board of Directors of the National League of Nursing Education.

It is with sincere appreciation of all that Miss Eldredge, as a graduate of St. Luke's Training School for Nurses, has contributed to the nursing profession, that we very gratefully accord to her all honor.

"No life can be strong in its purpose and pure in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

HARRIET FULMER, R. N.
Supervisor of Rural Health Nursing, Cook County

Miss Fulmer

MISS HARRIET FULMER, a graduate of the earlier Class of 1895, has been conspicuous in Public Health Work in Chicago during most of her career.

After two years' experience on the Visiting Nursing Staff in the Hull House District, Miss Fulmer was appointed Superintendent of that organization, being the second head of the Visiting Nursing Association. Throughout her administration she did much to bring it up to its present efficient high standard, developing its growth from a staff of eight to eighty nurses, fostering co-operation with other Chicago Charities as they were organized.

Miss Fulmer has held many executive positions, Alumnae, State and National. Serving as President of the Alumnae Association of St. Luke's Training School for Nurses, ten years, four at one time and six years at another; as President of the Illinois State League of Nursing Education for three years; First Vice-President of the Nurses' Associated Alumnae of the United States two years; a member of the Board of Directors of the National League of Nursing Education for three years; editor of the Public Health Department of the American Journal of Nursing two years. Miss Fulmer also has the distinction of having been the first President of the St. Barnabas Guild for Nurses, the only church Nursing organization.

After resigning from the Visiting Nursing Association in 1911, Miss Fulmer spent a year abroad. On returning, was appointed Extension Secretary of the Illinois State Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, and is now, 1919, Supervisor of the Rural Health Nursing, in the Bureau of Social Service of Cook County, under Civil Service. Miss Fulmer's powers of organization together with her unlimited enthusiasm and tactfulness in dealing with County officials, has made it possible for this work to become a recognized department of the National Organization for Public Health Nursing. In 1918 Miss Fulmer had a staff of four nurses, there are now, 1919, twenty-four nurses on this staff. Dispensaries for tubercular patients in rural districts have been established, nurses have been secured in all country schools in Cook County, thus creating a source of public education.

Miss Fulmer came to us from the east but has implanted her name and fame in pioneer health work over the length and breadth of our country. Early in her career she evinced a talent for organization and on this foundation has raised the superstructure of her work.

"The true end and aim of life is the endless expansion of powers, in endless growth, wisdom, and beauty, not a having and a resting, but a growing and a becoming."—Mathew Arnold.

MRS. HENRY WALKER

Mrs. Henry Walker has always been a very active member of the Woman's Board of St. Luke's Hospital, serving for many years as chairman of the Linen Committee. Mrs. Walker's father, Jessie Spalding, was one of the charter members of the Board of Trustees.

In 1918, through the generosity of Mrs. Walker, a dream became realized—a gymnasium with equipment for classes in physical education, was created on the third floor of the Stickney House.

This year, 1919, Mrs. Walker has made it possible to have the gymnasium enlarged to meet the needs of a larger Training School. It is only necessary to visit the Stickney House after 7:30 p. m. to convince one of the unlimited amount of pleasure the students derive from such a recreation room.

MEDICAL BOARD

MEDICAL BOARD

MEDICAL BOARD

Resident Staff
St. Luke's Hospital
Chicago, Ill.

1918 — 1919

H. DUIKER, A.B., M.D.

W. WALTERS, S.B., M.D.

T. D. JONES, A.B., M.D.

E. C. KELLY, S.B., M.D.

J. PETERSON, S.B., M.D.

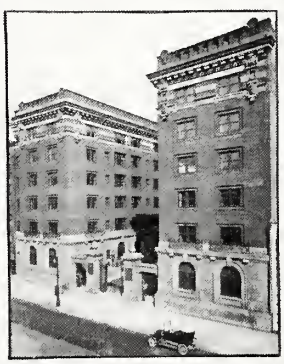
D. FAGERSTROM, A.B., M.D.

C. JENSEN, S.B., M.D.

K. McKEE, S.B., M.D.

P. HALEN-ECK, S.B., M.D.

M. L. D. MEYER, A.B., M.D.



A. H. CHRISTENSEN, A.B., M.D.

W. A. SNEEBERGER, S.B., M.D.

R. R. WEST, B.S., M.D.

E. W. RAPP, A.B., M.D.

W. H. ELMER, A.B., M.D.

J. F. HENKEN, S.B., M.D.

J. R. NEWMAN, S.B., M.D.

S. T. FOSTER, A.B., M.D.

E. C. HARDING, M.D.

T. A. ESTREM, B.S., M.D.

It Can't Be True

A gray old man limped groaningly,
His beard hung white and flowingly,
He gazed about bemoaningly.

Said he, "It surely can't be spooks
That makes my mind behave like 'dukes'.
All day I've thought of old St. Luke's!

" 'Twas years ago, I came to be
Chief interne—quite amazingly—
Of the St. Luke's gang that—used—to—be.

"Old Big Bill Hazlett—dainty, slight—
At posting ops was there all right,
But he was out too late at night.

"Dutch Kading—like 'Old Dutch' of the kitchen—
Was always there with real ambition,
And was always in the best condition.

"Theo Estrum, too, I ought to tell,
Was fond of nurses—loved them well,
And wrote heavy orders for Na CL.

"Cute little Fag dashed hearts to smash.
Poor nurses suffered 'Cardiac Crash'
When they beheld his cute mustache.

"Then came our Eddie Rapp, so fair,
With blushing cheeks and waving hair.
He loved Observation—was always there.

"Jake Henken had the oddest ways—
Revenge on his enemies filled his days,
And how he hated to carry trays!

"McKee—the man with the perfect hair—
('Twas said that 'Blondine' kept it there)
At loving the ladies was a wonderful bear.

"Petie Peterson was a fine young lad
Who persisted in holding Jessie's hand,
But in the X-Ray his tactics were bad.

"You remember Meyer—with gusts and whirls,
Tore around in a gown, admired dimples and curls,
And always adored the ladies and girls.

"Daddy Halenbeck, with eyes of brown,
And an innocent smile, meeting Halstead's frown,
Vamped the officers round and round.

"Charming Ray West, with his gorgeous physique,
His sparkling eyes, and fair round cheek,
Drank milk for his health and was mild and meek.

"Dr. W. A. S.—our amorous Bill—
Loved all the nurses with a right good will,
But especially the Blonde, he loves her still.

"Bright Little Williams—the red headed boy—
Medical men called him their pride and joy,
Clinics for nurses he did so enjoy.

"Lucky old Jensen was always there
With the lady of the raven hair,
The big brown eyes and wholesome air.

"And little 'Dyke' whom the nurses adored,
Was never known to have bellowed or roared,
And answered all calls in a second or more.

"Brave Bill Elmer had plenty of cheek!
He always appeared quite subdued and meek,
But the rascal absconded with 'Miss Technique.'

"Tommy Jones, without guile or sin,
In helping was good as a 'Gold Dust Twin.'
St. Peter will certainly let him in.

"Infant Kelly was not strong for suggestion,
But if he retains his good digestion
He'll grow to staunch manhood, without question.

"None can forget the cheerful 'Christy'.
In judgment he never was known to be hasty—
Some held he simply couldn't be nasty.

"And that sweet child of ours—dear little Walters—
Here, dear friends, my old voice falters—
He'll be *some* man when his boyish way alters.

"I cannot forget our little friend Bobbie,
Being kindly to nurses was his hobby.
Remembering these dear boys makes me sobby.

"Give me a compress to wipe my eye.
Don't be alarmed, I'm going to cry.
I'm feeling sad—I'll tell you why.

"Last week the old pals I couldn't forget,
I traced them all and I'm weeping yet.
Half were at Dunning!—half in Joliet!"

Picking up his long beard he limped off the scene,
Old Dr. Foster, long and lean,
The last of the gang of 1919.

Now, dear friends, what shall we do?
The old doc was weak and wobbly too—
He must have been childish—the tale can't be true.

TRAINING SCHOOL

JESSIE LAMB MACDONALD, R. N.
Directress

Mrs. Macdonald

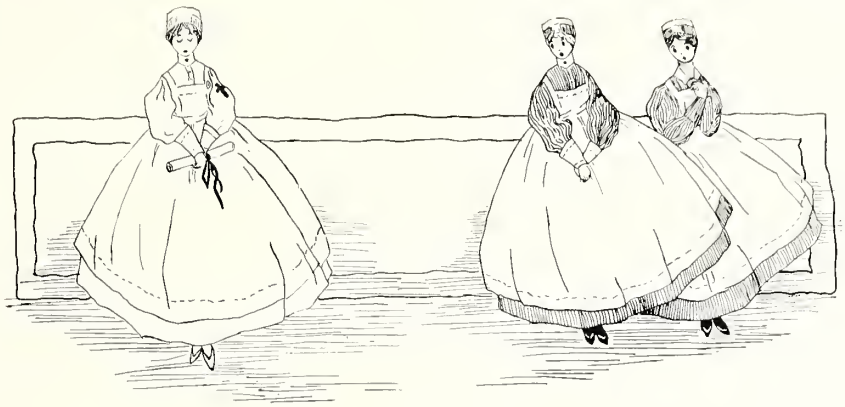
MRS. JESSIE LAMB MACDONALD, our present Directress of Nurses, came from Canada to St. Luke's Training School in 1912, graduating in 1915. Two months after graduation Mrs. Macdonald came back to St. Luke's Hospital serving as Night Supervisor, the next year accepting her present position, one which she fills very gracefully. Mrs. Macdonald has done much to maintain the high standards of this school.

Her work became heavier when the exigencies of the war made necessary the enlargement of the Training School Classes. Hibbard Home for Nurses was opened at this time. Mrs. Macdonald has always taken an interest in the social functions of the Training School, graciously presiding at most of these, and being indefatigable in her endeavor to make each social event a success. The position of Directress of a School for Nurses is a most exacting position to fill and demands the meeting of each day with the spirit so beautifully expressed by the Canadian Poetess, Jean Blewett.

"Each day that comes to us with dawn rose,
Each common day, filled full of common toil.
A ladder is let down by One who knows
Our passionate desire to rise above
The littleness of life, the grime, the greed,
To find a higher way, the vision clear,
A ladder swinging from the Hills of Gold
Straight down to this old workshop called the world,
The topmost rung held fast in God's right hand,
The lowest at our feet, that you and I
May set our feet and climb by rungs of prayer,
And self-forgetfulness, and pure desires,
By rungs of lowly labors grandly done
A little nearer Heaven each setting sun."

OFFICERS OF THE TRAINING SCHOOL

OFFICERS OF THE TRAINING SCHOOL



SENIORS

1919

Katherine Bender

"She liked whate'er she looked upon and her looks went everywhere."

Nell Clayton

"One crowded hour of glorious life."

Hildur Johnson

"Seemingly so bashful and demure but really isn't."

Tena Hamrin

"It's just work, work, work, all the time."

Mabel Lyman

"A woman who is not injured by flattery is as hard to find as one who is improved by criticism."

Cora McFarland

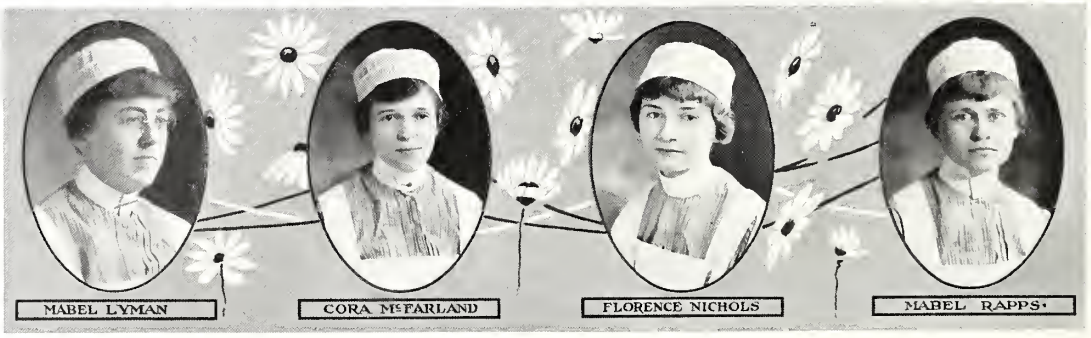
"Where praises have slept in silence."

Florence Nichols

"Hedged around with thorns of maiden doubts and fears."

Mabel Rapps

"Some people are born beautiful, others achieve beauty, but I simply can't help it."



Edith Schlageter
"Serene will be her days and bright and happy will her nature be."

Edith Sweet
"A rising world of waters dark and deep."

Margaret Wyne
"And we could wish her days to be bound each to each by natural piety."

Gertrude Zickert
"A dainty little maid is she, so prim, so neat, so sweet."

Edith Beyer
"She took care of us all."

Lena Bjornstad
"She was clever and petite, and oh! so sweet."

Leona Brall
"After all she got what she wanted."

Agnes Jacques
"She lived in a far-off land of her own."

Dorothy Livingston
"There is sunshine in the heart of her."

Delia Monnich
"Opportunity knocked first and last at her door."

Mary Pickrell
"You were lucky if you kept her good graces."

Therese Rectanus
"Her candle goeth not out by night."

Grace Roberts
"In her tongue was the law of kindness."

Ethel Roose
"Nothing ruffled her dignity."

Dorothy Rysdorp
"Her price is far beyond rubies."

Rae Saville
"She reacheth forth her hand to the needy."

Fern Schweppe
"And still her delight is in proper young men."

Annie Wilhelmine Smeltzer
"If you knew her you would love her too."

Marjorie Walton

"She was our baby, beloved by all."

Emma Werner

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom."

Mabel Bagley

"I have long dreamed of such a man."

Nellie Beeby

"I'll feed the hungry, and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who leave my door."

Ethel Bobo

"Compel me not to toe the mark,
Be ever prim and true,
But rather let me do those things
That I ought not to do."

Esther Cox

"Her presence lends its warmth and health
To all who come before it."

Lois Cox

"May you live one thousand years,
To sorter keep things lively in this vale
Of human tears."

Blanche Driscoll

"And the light of the Heaven she came from
Still lingered and gleamed in her hair."

Martha Engel

"The envy of many, the glory of one."

Mary Fairbairn

"Ask me if I could speak of love,
Knowing what I know, and seeing what I have seen."

Eva Howells

"Ah, less, less bright the stars of the night,
Than the eyes of this radiant girl."

Martha Maxfield

"Many are called but few get up."

Edith Neitz

"Softly her fingers wander o'er
The yielding planks of ivory floor."

Ethel Pontious

"Begone, dull care, I prithee begone from me;
Begone, dull care, thou and I shall never agree."

Winifred Slater

"Write me as one who loves his fellow men."

Loretta Springer

"Her little craft sails not alone."

Margaret Strong

"The world's good, and the people are good,
And we are all good fellows together."

Minnie Young

"When I could not sleep for the cold,
I had fire enough in my brain."

Class Hymn

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A Kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?

Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears His cross below,
He follows in His train.

The Martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.

Like Him with pardon on His tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong;
Who follows in His train?

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew
And mocked the cross and flame.

They met the Tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

A noble army: men and boys,
The matron and the maid;
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent to heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
Oh God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

SELMA B. FRIEDLUND
Class of 1919

EVELYN LOUISE PORTER
Class of 1920

In Memoriam

In the death of Miss Selma B. Freedlund on December 13, 1918, our Class lost one of its brightest nurses. Sally's wit and sense of humor lent that enlivening touch, so essential to class life. Her spirit of broad-minded free-masonry made her a general favorite, not only in her own class of 1919 but also in the other classes in training. Sally's life was all too short, but in the little time allotted her, she in many ways accomplished more than others in their "three score years and ten." How few leave a record of acute suffering, borne so cheerfully and with such pluck, through many long months? How few contemplate resigning a life brimful of promise, without a murmur of complaint? Sally did it and did it with her characteristic unselfishness, thinking only of sparing her family and friends the pain of seeing her depressed. Such indomitable courage is as unforgettable as it is inspiring. Sally played and finished the Game of Life in a manner so courageous that her memory will ever remain as bright an inspiration to her class as were the beautiful gems of poetry she so often quoted from the store house of her mind.

"Joy sang to her a lofty strain,
Even in hours of pain,
Turning earth's discords into harmonies."

Evelyn Louise Porter came to us from Carbondale at the beginning of the New Year in 1917. She came happily into her chosen work and soon made for herself a wide circle of friends. Tired nurses, slipping off duty late in the evening, paused often outside her door, to listen for a moment to her sweet voice, accompanied by her ukelele; and then pass on refreshed and cheered. No frolic was complete without her. In work, as well as play, she was always willing to do her share and more. Her fun, enthusiasm and ready wit made her popular with nurses and patients alike.

That the Reaper, Death, harvested her life of youth and promise was deplored by all. In late November the nurses gathered in the little chapel in St. Luke's for a farewell service for her. Evelyn's life among us was short but her memory will always be dear to us.

History of the Class of 1919

IN SCOTTISH HISTORY we read of clans being summoned to the fray by a rider carrying aloft a fiery cross. In the gathering together of the class of 1919 it was the Blue Cross of St. Luke's that beckoned, not only to the battle against sickness in this country, but it lured its followers to a training that would fit them for service to their countrymen abroad.

Although Uncle Sam was not in the war at that time it was clear to the minds of all thinking people that his participation was inevitable.

"A" Division, comprising twelve members was the first of the class to enter. One by one they came from east, west, north and south. They were a wholesome band, good to look upon, and with that inbred sense of duty that led them into few mistakes and seldom to A No. 7. Probably their only sin was one of omission—what they did not do for this Annual would fill another Annual.

Next came "B" Division by twos and threes, a fearless division surely. From the moment of entrance they made their brilliance felt, often to their own discomforture. To them, in their ignorance of Hospital technique "A" Division seemed scarcely second to Solomon in wisdom. Indeed one poor "B" was even known to mistake an "A" for the Directress of the School. Another "B" with characteristic aplomb, made herself Mistress of Ceremonies to the extent of introducing probationers to the Directress—such a break in hospital etiquette being considered on a par with the manners of the doughboy who in the zeal of good-fellowship claps the King of England on the back, exclaiming, "Hello, George, how goes it?"

But in spite of ethical breaks this Division of seventeen members soon won the reputation of being skillful nurses capable and efficient in any situation and wonderfully resourceful whether on duty or off.

In December of 1918 the sunshine of "B" Division was clouded by the death of one of its dearest members, Selma Freedlund, of Miami, Florida. Since then no gathering of the Division seems complete, lacking the sparkle of "Sally's" inimitable wit and humor.

"C" Division, with its sixteen members, completed the class. In "C" Division nature spared neither charm nor beauty and following in the footsteps of the "A's" and "B's" this Division has more than made good and are now the leading nurses in St. Luke's. Indeed, in them there is much promising material—even as a probationer one member was adept at writing patient's histories. Other "C's" there are whose special brand of wrist watch registers no later than 10 p. m. With watches like this why ask for late-leave? The modern Ulysses who internes at St. Luke's surely needs his heart ballasted by iron ropes to the girl he left behind him, else these "C" sirens will enslave him with their youth and beauty and become his, rather than "Miss Best's pets."

Thus, in many ways the Class of 1919 stands unique in the annals of St. Luke's. To their indomitable courage and spirit we owe this first Annual of St. Luke's Training School. May their work ever be as worthy of commendation as is their Dream Child, "The Voyageur."

Class Poem, 1919

Yes, we are the Class of 19—19,
We came to St. Luke's young and keen,
Try us.
For surgical care, don't you know,
Or medical care we trow,
We've got everything beat,
We don't know defeat,
Try us.

At first we admit we were green,
Our actions were more heard than seen,
Believe us.
But now beyond doubt
We've turned right about,
And for kindness and service
The secret our nerve is,
Try us.

Some time you may have a real ache
And feeling "All's over" you quake,
Call us.
On just such as you, we make our debut,
Our patients adore us,
Undertakers abhor us,
Try us.

The doctors all swear by us, too,
They realize we all are true blue,
Ask them.
Without our ready aid
They admit they're afraid,
While with us at their side
All disease is defied,
Ask them.

The public all falls for a nurse,
It knows they're a blessing of course,
Try us.
We give you our best,
Regardless of rest,
Get wise, do *your* part,
And give *us* a start.
Call us.

St. Luke's 1919 Alphabet

A —stands for Annie Wilhelmine, our Editor-in-Chief,
The best friend to have when stuck on a reef.

B —stands for Blanche and Bj., our little one,
To help our Editor-in-Chief they considered great fun.

C —stands for Cora—Canada has claimed her.

D —is for Dilly—so her class named her.

E —is for "Edith"—Seglag—Sweet—Beyer—Neitz,
Sometimes their tempers did fly like kites.
Plus Ethel and Esther—not much good on the fights —
And Emma, who dearly loved prowling round nights

F —stands for Flo, who was always on the go,
And Fern, who loved to make a big show.

G —stands for Grace, her fortune her face,
The man who gets her will come out ahead of the race.

H—stands for Hammie, who through Training did go.
Ask her any questions, she surely would know.

I —is for Internes, we love them well,
And O, the secrets some of them could tell.

J —stands for Jacques and Johnnie so sweet,
But two girls more different you never would meet.

K—is for Kitty, we should sing her a ditty,
The way she worked—it sure was a pity.

L —stands for Letty and Leona,
The two were Baby Food Experts, and knew quite a few.
And Lois, who for the book worked so hard,
Was a splendid nurse, and a jolly good pard!

M—is for Margaret—Wyne, Strong, and Florida Marge,
And the Marthas two, put right early in charge;
Mary, who acted our Cabaret Queen,
The Mabels—Rapp, Lyman, and Bagley, so keen.

N—for Nell Clayton, Nell Beeby, too,
If they started anything, they saw it thru.

O—for the officers in white and tan,
If they reprimanded us we felt like Susie Damm.

P—is for Pick who got eats galore,
They tasted so good—we wish we had more.

Q—is for our queer patients, ah, woe is me,
If turned to right or left, dissatisfied they'd be.

R—is for Rae, the helper if you're scheduled to move.

S—is for Sis, who knew how the patients to soothe.

T—for Therese, who loved to trip the light fantastic.

U—is for Ultimate Decisions,
To be met with unfailing precision.

V—is for VICTORY when three years are o'er.

W—for Winnifred, who of friends has a goodly store.

X—is the mark we on our papers failed to find.

Y—is for Minnie Young—the chills on the roof
She never did mind.

Z—stands for Zickert, whom at the Club you may have seen,
And this ends the A B C's for the wonderful class of '19.

Class Prophecy

Seated in her luxurious office in the Associated Charities Building, New York City, Winifred Slater brushed aside a pile of business letters and leaning back in her revolving chair, leisurely opened a fat letter in familiar handwriting. Needless to say, this letter was from her former class-mate, Dorothy Rysdorp, who was the inseparable friend of her training days in St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago.

Windy Lake, Neb., Sept. 30, 1926.

Dear Old Winnie:

It is ages since I wrote to you I know, but then, you'll forgive me when you read this and learn the whereabouts of all the class of '19. Last week Dilly and I took a carload of chickens to Armour Co., Chicago, it being a rush order from St. Luke's Hospital for Sunday dinner for the nurses and internes. I may say right here that Dilly and I have had wonderful success on our chicken farm, though Edith Beyer's hogs gave us a great deal of trouble at first—she is our adjoining neighbor. However, she erected hog-proof fences and we are as good friends as ever.

When I was in Chicago, with the chickens I made it my business to get a line on everyone in our class. You'll be surprised to hear that Margaret Wyne, Florence Nichols and Tena Hamrin are all platform speakers for the emancipation of nurses, their slogan being: "Four hour workday for nurses or bust." They do say Tena is scoring a wonderful success, her record being 5,768,000 words to the minute.

Martha Maxfield has made a big hit at the Wabash in her latest song, "When I was a Junior Nurse." Martha's dancing is really unique.

Nellie Beeby made good as a missionary in India prior to her marriage to the Great Mogul.

Gertrude Zickert, Leona Brall and Edith Schlageter are touring the country as first aid nurses. Zickert administers Aromatic Spirits of Ammonia, Leona bandages and Schlag sings, "Onward Christian Soldiers" in all keys. They say the recoveries are miraculous.

Blanch Driscoll and Sis Howells are touring Europe with a former patient from "D" floor. It is claimed they are making a great furore in military circles abroad.

Mary Fairbairn is living in the beautiful city of Toronto, the idolized wife of one of Canada's leading engineers. Two rosy cheeked miniatures of Mary romp on the lawn in happy glee.

Lena Bjornstad as you know never made use of her profession, Cupid having pierced her heart before she graduated. She makes an admirable wife for a doctor.

You remember Mrs. Smeltzer's idea of a summer home where children from the ages of two to fifteen would spend the holiday months amid the beauties of nature, being efficiently cared for and trained by competent nurses and instructresses. Well, several of our class have taken this up in a large hotel on the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. Edith Sweet, Superintendent, Kitty Bender, Assistant, and Therese Rectanus has charge of the play ground work. Pete Engel is directress of physical training. Rae Saville, Ethel Pontious take care of aesthetic dancing, Mabel Bagley horseback riding and Grace Roberts teaches the babies to swim. Marj. Walton teaches tennis and Minnie Young, who is censor of Morals and Manners for the American Nurses' Association, is dietitian. Each morning all the staff and guests assemble at the water's edge for fifteen minutes tooth brush drill a la Dr. Black.

I know you will be surprised to hear that Fern Schweppe and Ethel Bobo are back in

St. Luke's as Night Superintendents, their ability in ferreting out delinquent nurses for chapel being the present day wonder of Chicago.

Nell Clayton and Johnny Johnson are conducting a beauty parlor on Michigan Ave., specializing in perfume, powder and internes.

Mabel Rapp is now Chicago's leading anaesthetist, her success being due to her ability to anaesthetize by the music of her voice rather than by the use of ether and N_2O. This economy takes well in Hospitals.

Mabel Lyman, Margaret Strong and Loretta Springer are now happily married to heroes of the great war.

Cora McFarland, Lois Cox and Mary Pickrell are at the head of a large Eye and Ear Dispensary in Honolulu.

Agnes Jacques, Esther Cox and Edith Neitz are in charge of a Chautauqua course. Jacqueline gives instruction in music and art, Esther Cox does playground work and Edith Neitz gives helpful talks to mothers.

Ethel Roose Henken occasionally visits the Training School, always bringing Jacob and Rebecca the pride of her heart.

Emma Werner is making stump speeches through the country in behalf of an anti-chapel law for nurses.

Mrs. Smeltzer has at last materialized her dream of a bungalow in the Yukon and her dog-team is second to none in Alaska. They say if you wash your dishes you are welcome to this bungalow in the land "where lonely sunsets flare forlorn."

Now, Winnie dear, it is time for me to feed my chickens and gather the eggs. Write me soon and tell me all about your proteges.

With much love,

DOROTHY RYSDORP.

Winifred slowly folded her letter, then sat meditatively gazing into space, a dreamy look in her eyes—so this was the class of '19, HER class. Suddenly the dreamy look vanished. Hastily reaching for a railroad time table she murmured emphatically, "I'll do it—just see if I don't; I'll take Dorothy's letter and go straight to Washington—I'll demand an interview with the President and if every member of the Class isn't receiving a 'bonus for good behavior' this time next year—well, there'll be a new President—that's all."

Class Will

THE last will and testament of the class of one thousand nine hundred nineteen.

We the aforesaid class of one thousand nine hundred and nineteen, Divisions A, B, and C of the Training School of St. Luke's Hospital of the City of Chicago in the County of Cook, do hereby make our last will and testament and bequeath to the following members of the Training School such things of value as we, the aforesaid class, have acquired during our three years' sojourn through said institution.

(1) To Marion Humphrey of the class of one thousand nine hundred and twenty we bequeath Professor Desperate Desmond Werner's Star of Authority. Aforesaid Star to be used to maintain law and order on the inmates of the Stickney House in such manner as to insure that all nurses are in their rooms by 10 p. m. and lights out by 11 p. m. sharp.

(2) To Blanche Traude and Laura Anderson we do hereby present all of Jacqueline Jacques' music to be sung often in memory of the pleasant evenings we all have enjoyed.

(3) To Clarite Bridge, Alice Farrar and Fay Morgan we do hereby present Mary Fairbairn's ukelele and Fern Schweppe's banjo, said instruments to be played during the silent watches of the night and aforesaid parties to have and to hold said instruments until proper claimants can be found who will learn to play at least one tune.

(4) To Mary Noonan we do hereby present Therese Rectanus' blue crepe tea-jacket with lace collar to have and to hold same until the end of her training, our mutual request being that said Mary Noonan wear the aforementioned jacket to graduation exercises.

(5) To Cecil Cushman we do hereby bequeath Blanche Driscoll's mirror to have and to hold the same until such time as she has no further use for same and she in her turn will please present said glass to the Training School to be hung on the rear wall of the class room to reflect all sleepers in the back seat to the lecturer in the front.

(6) To Sarah Dennis we do hereby present with love, the broad-based straw sandals worn by Edith Beyer for three years, hoping same will be a source of comfort to the wearer.

(7) To Eunice LeRoy and Bernice McMillan we do hereby bequeath all of Margaret Strong's late leaves to have and to hold same until privilege is revoked.

(8) To Luella Bailey and Gertrude Kahler, we do hereby bequeath Edith Schlageter's hymn, soap-basket and tub, the aforesaid hymn being "Onward Christian Soldiers," to be sung in seven keys during the bath, said privilege to be relinquished only when some younger nurse may be taught to sing and bathe at the same time.

(9) To Clara Jane Studor and Marion Holmes we do hereby bequeath Edith Beyer's loving care of their classmates to have and to hold the same for life.

(10) To Olive Meyer, Gladys Uzzell and Gertrude Boehner we do hereby present the numerous Kewpies acquired from time to time by the class, trusting said Kewpies shall always be clothed warmly and sanely.

(11) To the Class of 1920, A. B. C., we do hereby bequeath the privilege of decorating the Church for our Commencement to have and to hold the same for one year, when they in their turn may present the privilege to the Class of 1921.

(12) And now that we have justly and appropriately disposed of our dear possessions we do hereby bequeath to the Classes 1920, 1921, 1922, our good will and best wishes to have and to hold the same through life.

To-wit we the aforesaid class of 1919 do attach our seal and signature to this our last will and testament.

CLASS OF 1919,

Divisions A., B., C.

St. Luke's Hospital
Training School for Nurses
Chicago

Commencement
Class of 1919

PROCESSIONAL, HYMN 519

THE LORD'S PRAYER AND VERSICLES

PSALM 19

LESSON, S. JAMES V.—13

MAGNIFICAT

CREED

VERSICLES AND COLLECTS

CLASS HYMN, NO. 507

ADDRESS

DR. E. G. COLEMAN

CONFERRING OF DIPLOMAS

PRESIDENT WM. J. BRYSON

PRESENTATION OF BADGES

CHAPLAIN

ANTHEM

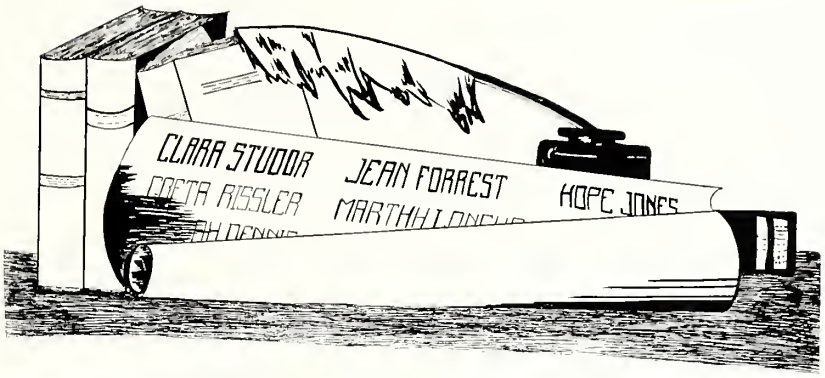
BENEDICTORY

REV. FREDERICK BUDLONG

CLOSING COLLECTS

RECESSIONAL, HYMN NO. 516

June 19, 1919



THE CLASS OF 1920

The Class of 1920

THE Class of 1920 had its beginning when the needs of war were felt and its inspiration was patriotism. Even now, when those needs are no longer felt, it is still faithful to its ideals. Not only in the wards and class rooms has this class shown unusual ability to excel, but in all the graces and interests of life.

The "A" Division, numbering twenty-five, entered with a determination to be the very best. They all tried to obey all the rules and traditions, even to wearing their hair in the prescribed fashion. The burdens of the hospital have always been heavy on their shoulders. But hospital life, however strenuous, has its lighter social side and this division has had many enjoyable times including one memorable picnic at Jackson Park, under the delightful chaperonage of Miss Best and again a very successful Christmas Party.

In the death of Evelyn Porter, the "A" Division suffered a poignant loss—her personality was such that she had endeared herself not only in the hearts of her classmates but also in the hearts of all who knew her.

The "B" Division only fifteen of them now —make up in quality what they lack in quantity. For dignity, for poise and reserve, it can not be equalled. Sometimes we think they never unbend, but there have been rumors of mysterious parties after ten o'clock, and once they tried to have a picnic. It was a cold rainy day in September. They all had to wear furs. That was the last time.

Then came the "C" Division, tall girls, short girls, fat girls, thin girls, jolly girls, sober girls—would they never cease coming? They even overflowed into the Hibbard Home. Here we have the jollity, the vim and "pep" that makes the world go round. How hard it was for them to observe seniority!

The Class of 1920! Take them from the Training School and how long would St. Luke's last?

CLASS 1920

The Nurse

The world grows better year by year
Because some nurse in her little sphere
Puts on her apron and grins and sings,
And keeps on doing the same old things;

Taking the temperatures, giving the pills,
To remedy mankind's numerous ills,
Feeding the baby, answering the bells,
Being polite with a heart that rebels,

Longing for home, and all the while
Wearing the same old professional smile,
Blessing the newborn babies' first breath,
Closing the eyes that are still in death.

Taking the blame for the Doctor's mistakes,
Oh dear, what a lot of patience it takes,
Going off duty at seven o'clock,
Tired, discouraged, just ready to drop,

But called back on special at seven fifteen,
With woe in her heart but it must not be seen,
Morning and evening, noon and night,
Just doing it over and hoping it's right.

When we lay down our caps and cross the bar,
Oh, Lord, will you give us just one little star
To wear in our crowns with the uniform new
In that City above where the Head Nurse is You?

St. Luke's

Class

of

1921

The Class of 1921

TURNING the pages of history, I see a class of seventy Nurses, the class of 1921 of St. Luke's.

The class entered in November, 1917, and finally increased in numbers until it had formed the "A" division. As their ranks grew to maturity, aided by Ethics and Science, they began their career. Then a great change took place. Stripes appeared and work began in earnest.

On April 1, 1918, the first of the "B" Division entered the Training School. This was at the time when Hooverism held sway.

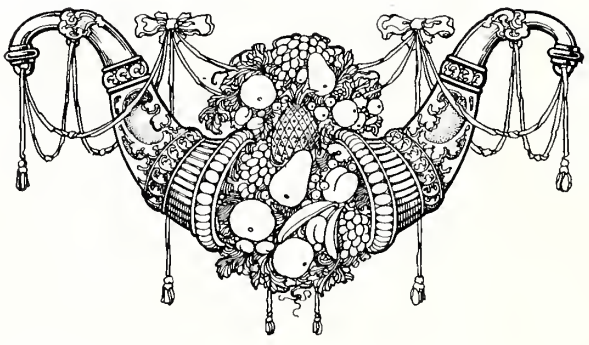
The Division first Hooverized by reducing in number from thirty to twenty members, next they sacrificed their "long days," then with great gusto they ate the Hoover ration of corn bread and syrup, never complaining. They were greatly disappointed when their probation period did not shrink in proportion to the size of the butter pat and sugar lump.

A new feature given to the "B" Division was special work given when the probationers in the Hibbard Home on July fifteenth, after hurried telephone call, two files of blue Nurses were seen marching expectantly with heads up to see a demonstration of some new kind there. The Saranac Nurses were abruptly sent back to the class room. The rest stayed to learn to do more than "Go Over the Top."

In June, 1918, the "C" Division made its appearance, and in October, untrained, unethical, and inexperienced they made their way into the class room to receive their initial instructions. For weeks they made five ounces of a six per cent glucose solution. On New Year's Eve the era of a New Year started, not only that but a real class spirit was generated. Later a costume party with everybody from the Goddess of Liberty to the lively Gold Dust Twins.

Alas! on Easter morning a new group of Nurses was met. They were donned in stripes and smiles, and truly felt their place in the School.

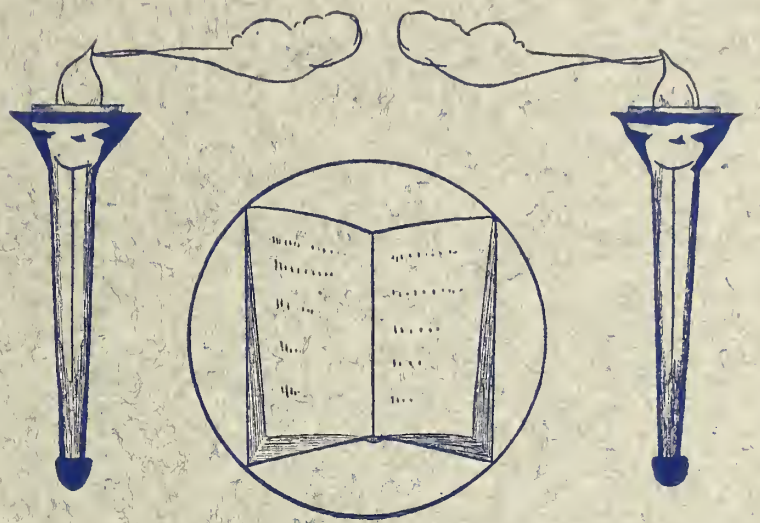
"Now let's join powers and excel the name of the class of 1921."



CLASS 1921

Valedictory

We're loyal to you, Old St. Luke's,
We're staunch and we're true, Old St. Luke's,
As the blue cross we bear—here and everywhere,
We will never forget St. Luke's!
Your memories will ever remain—
The trials, the sorrows, and pain—
Lessons that we have learned,
Joys that we all have earned,
We owe all to you, St. Luke's.
And as we, of the Class of Nineteen
Pass on now to things yet unseen
We bid you a fond farewell,
Your wonders we'll always tell.
Farewell, Old St. Luke's, farewell.



Literary

St. Luke's and the War

Lives there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?

WITH the call to arms of American soldiers came the call of the country to American nurses. St. Luke's nurses were only too eager to respond to that call. Many were not satisfied to wait for a unit to be formed but joined Canadian forces or sailed for France and other European countries for volunteer service. Some went as Red Cross nurses; others as Army nurses.

In August, 1918, sixty-five St. Luke's nurses left for France with Unit No. 14, later Unit No. 53 sailed taking with it fourteen more of our nurses. Many who volunteered were not privileged to go to France because of dependents, physical requirements, or did not complete their training in time to join these units. However, everyone could not serve overseas and there must be those who were willing to care for our men in camps at home; the afflicted private citizen had to fight the awful epidemics which spread so rapidly under new conditions.

Forty-eight other nurses from St. Luke's were stationed at Camps Pike, Dodge, Taylor, Jefferson Barracks, Great Lakes Naval Station, Newport News Replacement Units in New York, Fort Oglethorpe, Vancouver Barracks, Fort Sheridan, Harrisburg, Camp Sherman, Upton, Grant, Hampton, and Shelby.

Our service flag represents the hundred and twenty-five St. Luke's nurses who have joined the Red Cross. Others are members of the Army Nursing Corps. Of the one hundred and one gold stars today upon the service flag of the Department of Nursing St. Luke's claims three of them. One for Miss Fannie Erickson who died in the service at Camp Sherman, the others for Miss Eunice Millar who died at Camp, and Miss Alice Lea, who died at the Great Lakes Naval Station. Miss Knapp and Miss Helen Livingston, while not Red Cross nurses, made the supreme sacrifice while caring for influenza patients.

Their deeds and response to duty and the call of their country have inspired and encouraged us throughout our training to carry on the work at home and in the hospitals handed down to us by their absence and which they have entrusted to us.

"That war should reach behind its blazing lines and touch with swift death those whose only ministry was mercy is but a part of the world's tragedy of terrors. It is enough to say that where men dared and died women stood as bravely, dared as supremely and died as heroically. In the nation's roll of honor their names stand written in imperishable letters that tell of duty nobly done. And in the happier days that be in the world when history shall tell of deeds that won for mankind righteousness and justice and peace there shall be no loftier syllables than those which tell of the devotion of American womanhood that shone resplendent in the courage, even unto death, of the American Red Cross and Army Nursing Corps."

The Pilgrimage

ONCE upon a time a noble band of women journeyed from many lands to make a three-year pilgrimage through an Institution that cared for sick people, in the heart of a very large and wicked city.

These women came for many reasons—some at the call of pleasure, others because opportunity for service beckoned them, a goodly number because it was a time of war and if every man must be a soldier then why not every woman a nurse? A few sought the pilgrimage as a balm for sorrow, and some there were fresh and young who sought adventure.

Individually each brought the best of her womanhood, her high ideals, her faith in humanity, her love of mother nature, her belief in Divinity, her health and her receptive mind to this huge melting pot and cast it in to be steeled in the furnace heat of hard work, mental and physical fatigue, disappointment, terror, disillusionment, sorrow, hoping from this alloy there would return to her a worthier metal tempered with the joy and goodness, the fun and frolic, the unselfishness and broadmindedness of the lives with which she came in contact.

The pilgrims began their journey through a gloomy wood beset with all manner of strange terrors such as scrubbing, disinfecting, baths, temperatures, preparations, enemata, hypodermic injections, and catheterizations. Some there were who fainted by the way, but these were revived and helped onward to the next obstacle. For three weary months this journey lasted, the supreme test coming at the end of the wood in the form of a preliminary examination in which each pilgrim had to successfully combat an accumulation of all the obstacles hitherto met.

Thence the band, wearing the scars of conflict, but still with hope unquenched, pressed onward, through the maze of distributing pills, measuring medicines, assisting with dressings, even surmounting such difficulties as proctoclysis, stomach evacuations, and hypodermoclysis when lo! with one fell swoop the black despair of a first night duty assailed them. Blanched with fear, unable to sleep, each goes singly to meet this monster. For thirty-one nights the struggle rages when presto! all is over—the weary pilgrim is given two days in which to recuperate her forces.

And now how the sun shines and warms the oasis where dwell the babies—white babies, black babies, fat cuddling babies, thin squirming babies, moist babies, dry babies, smiling babies, crying babies, but one and all flinging its sunbeam smile across the path of the tired travellers before they depart for the lower realms to cater to the appetite of poor sick humanity—to win with luscious salad, trembling jello or homely cheese the wan smile of approval and perchance encourage Health to revisit the sufferer.

But now the pilgrims pass on to greater feats—the obstetrical ward is reached—now must each exercise the greatest vigilance, yea verily must bring the prowess acquired on the early journey to assist in this encounter. Long and hard, early and late, the pilgrims wrestle, nor pause for food—'tis another bout with the foe—to yield is to fail and Failure is unknown to this band of noble women. After six weeks, panting and footsore but with courage undaunted they emerge from the conflict sadder and wiser but with no time for retrospection for alas! with a bound the travellers are submerged in the turmoil of surgery. Again and yet again they rise only to be beaten down by the flanks of their overwhelming opponents lined up en masse—solution, settings up, takings down, scrubbing, technique, instruments, suture material—all oppose them. Finally, after a death-grip with the linen foe they get clear of the fray—sore perplexed and almost cast down.

And now approaches the real acid test—gird up your loins, ye braves—a head nurseship greets you. Then does your Dante return to you with his apt phraseology—"Abandon hope all ye who enter here." Then will the song be taken out of your lives.

But why tremble at this? Surely past conflicts have been greater—aye, truly greater, but remember, weary pilgrims, the fight for oneself is as nothing to the fight for the life of another. The smile that lights the dying face at your approach, the unspoken appeal as the stiffening fingers grasp your warm ones, the unforgettable broken sentence, "Don't go—you are so good to me." Ah, yes, pilgrims, these are the things that sap your strength more than the desperate fighting, these the things that leave your world empty. Empty? But no—far from it—full, yes, full of a joy of which none can rob you—a joy that will last through all the vexations and disappointments to your journey's end. Why?

Because in helping one soul to cross over it is given you to realize that Divine sublimity:

"For as much as ye have done it unto the least of these my children ye have done it unto Me."

Social Service

"Let me live in a house by the side of the road
Where the race of the men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban,
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man."

IN 1915 through the efforts of the Women's Board of St. Luke's Hospital, and Miss Suzette Ryerson, a Social Service Department was launched in the hospital. Though in an embryonic state and with crude surroundings, it had firm support from its sponsors and developed steadily. In time it became an economic necessity and satisfied a moral responsibility, which soon justified its own existence as a permanent department of the hospital.

Later a social worker, trained at Massachusetts General Hospital, took charge and the social work was carried on in the homes of hospital patients during that year.

In 1917 the department was reorganized and Miss Zoe Harpster, R. N. from St. Luke's, with Public Health and Social training, was appointed director. Miss Harpster on the foundation then laid built the superstructure we now have—with all its ramifications and far-reaching results. As a Public Health Agency the Social Service cooperates with all the organizations who have as an object the improvement of health and happiness of individuals restoring patients and families to normal community life and re-educating to higher standards of living.

In the Spring of 1918 a fund was given by Mrs. Arthur Ryerson, which made it possible for an additional worker, as instructor in general housekeeping, sanitation and diet.

Miss Julia Dawson took this work in March, 1918, and Miss Ruth Guilfoil succeeded her in April, 1919.

The Department now has for a staff, Miss Harpster, Director; Miss Guilfoil, assistant in educational work in the home; Mrs. Stolte, as general office assistant and stenographer; Miss Decker, a half time teacher of occupational work, and volunteers, who help with special work.

The development of the work has come to include almost all the ward patients. At present, 1919, 4,000 families of hospital patients are carried on the records.

Since the curriculum of training schools has made Public Health training as necessary as surgical work, and recognized the nurses' right to such training a month's practical work is given to pupil nurses. According to the outline prepared by the Committee on Education of the National Organization of Public Health Nursing, the nurses are given an intensive training, including the aims, methods and co-operation of Public Health and all social agencies, essentials of case work, social diagnosis and treatment and responsibility in community health and welfare, which is the foundation of successful public health nursing. The student receives a general knowledge of all phases so she is qualified to make her choice of specialized Public Health Nursing. The United States Government, along with the reconstruction work in allied countries, is perfecting a Public Health program at home. In order to "Carry On" this educational movement and extend the best nursing service to every part of the United States, thousands of nurses will be required, nurses who have had some training in community work. Also a definite place for Public Health nurses has been given in the National program for "The Children's Year" prepared by the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor, the Medical Board and the Child Welfare Department of the Council of National Defense.

In August, 1918, the Department of Occupational Therapy was organized with a very modest beginning. This phase of Social Service has rapidly developed so now there are two work shops, one for men and one for women, with a trained woman in charge of the practical work. This work is planned on a curative and educational basis—work begins with patients in the hospital as occupational work, and is continued after discharge, as vocational training, so that many handicapped are being equipped for self-support. Some of the articles completed in the work shop are on sale at the hospital, the proceeds returning to the Department for support.

Public Health

THE need for the well-trained Public Health Nurse has long been recognized, but until the past year no real step has been taken to encourage and prepare the young nurse just beginning her work, to enter this field. In the United States, the demand for Public Health Nurses far exceeds the number available. There are a few schools that have been giving courses to fit nurses for this work, but their classes have been open to the graduate nurse only, so it was with much genuine pleasure that the student nurses received the announcement, in January of this year, that the Illinois Division of the Red Cross had set aside a fund to cover the expense of a special course for the student nurse who was in her third year of training. This is the first course of the kind to be given in the Middle West or Western States.

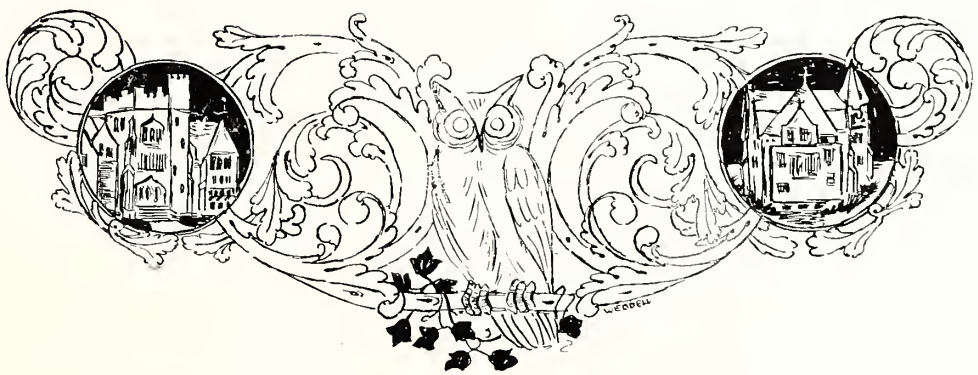
The committee in charge found the funds were sufficient to finance about seventy-five

nurses and it was decided to divide the class into three groups of twenty-five each, each group to be given three months of work under the direction of the Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy. The first group commenced work in February and the last group will finish in October of this year.

The first course which was completed May 3, 1919, was taken by twenty-five student nurses from the following training schools—Illinois, St. Luke's, Presbyterian, Michael Reese, Wesley, Augustana, Evanston and West Suburban.

The weekly schedule called for three mornings, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, to be spent in the class room, three days, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, to be spent in field work, one afternoon, Monday, to be set aside for special classes and study, Wednesday afternoons for inspection visits to public playgrounds, industrial plants and public institutions and community centers. The course of lectures was planned to correspond in most instances with the inspection visits so that the pupils knew something of the history, development and plans of each particular place before the visit was made. Among places visited were the Central Registry, Juvenile Court, Parental School, Oak Forrest Sanitarium, Settlement Houses and the Chicago State Hospital.

The field work was begun by six days with the United Charities. The object in beginning with this organization was to unfold to the nurse the value of co-operation with other organizations; as the United Charities works with and through practically every recognized social and philanthropic organization in the city. Then followed two weeks with each of the following—Visiting Nurses, School Nurses, Municipal Tuberculosis Nurses, Infant Welfare Nurses, Mental Hygiene Nurses and the Rural Nurses of Cook County. Each organization endeavored to instruct the nurse in their own particular method of keeping records, making out reports, the entry into the home and the care of their patients. Special emphasis was placed on the point that a nurse by herself cannot change the life of the people she meets in her work, but her mission is to instruct them in such a manner that it will lead them to do the revising themselves, willingly and intelligently.



"If"

If you can oversee the work of "probes" and juniors,
And ne'er forget that you were once the same;
If you can hold your tongue when all about you
The "grads" demand supplies you can't obtain;
If you can keep from eating in the pantry
When tempting salads stare you in the face;
If instinct tells you when you dare skip chapel
And plainly tells you when that's not the case;
If you can hold the light for Dr. Allport
Without a tremble, till the operation's through;
If you can have the tray complete for Dr. Marquis
Or the collar filled with ice and waiting, too;
If you can take a forcep-case for Dr. Praddock
And not forget which end to hand him first;
If you can make the rounds with Dr. Halstead
Without a feeling that your ward had ne'er been worse;
If you can come on duty in the morning
And find Miss Gooch has not left you a note;
If you can read your Ethics' essay to Miss Best
And feel that you have lived just what you wrote;
If you can still work on the Year-Book
When Miss Dilge *will* "tuck you in" by ten;
If you can stand before the "big white nurse"
And feel that you have measured up—why then
You may call yourself
A ST. LUKE'S NURSE.

Have ever you heard of the Class of '19
That trained in St. Luke's for three years
To become excellent nurses, alert and keen,
And win from all patients three cheers?

To making an Annual their forces they bent,
'Twas their goal would their efforts be vain?
Ah no! a purpose of such good intent
Must lead to success, not pain.

Therefore let our Year Book make its bow
To greet you with wisdom and wit.
If it meets your approval boost it now,
For we want it to make a great hit.

SOCIAL EVENTS

Social Events

Formerly when a young woman entered a Training School for Nurses, her friends and family bemoaned her as one of the "legion of the lost," so far as Social Life was concerned. They felt she had deliberately cut herself off from all fun and frolic in which girls of her age should participate. But in late years this feeling has changed and the Public realizes that a profession so serious gives its followers a keener appreciation of the pleasures of social life.

Our Class was indeed fortunate in belonging to a Training School that endeavored to show its nurses a little of the gayety of life in a variety of parties.

May 1st, 1916—A few of our class had entered training at this time so the 1918 B and C, who were having a party, pitying us from the depths of their wisdom, were kind enough to invite us to attend. It was all rather strange and new but we were very grateful and had a lovely time.

December, 1917—Our first Christmas, we felt very old in the ways of the institution and such bustling and scurrying around with boxes and parcels—each division had a Christmas tree and foolish little gifts which were very dear and funny. This custom has been continued through our whole three years of training.

December 28th, 1917—Our first formal party with decorations, music and good things to eat—everybody was very enthusiastic and the evening was quite a success.

July 12th, 1918—This little informal party was the first we had had for some of the internes who were to leave us. It was rather sad but the very best party we had ever had.

August 6th, 1918—Another informal dance for some more internes who were leaving. The memories of these two parties will remain with us longer and more vivid than any others. They were given in our new gymnasium, which Mrs. Walker so kindly furnished for us.

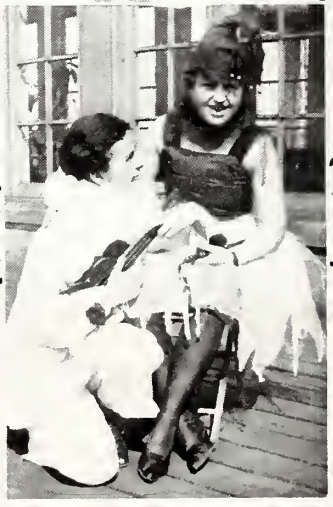
December 29th, 1918—Our Snow-ball party was a really, truly Christmas party. It was our last party, where we would all be together because some of the nurses were going out shortly after the New Year; everybody was unusually gay and festive.

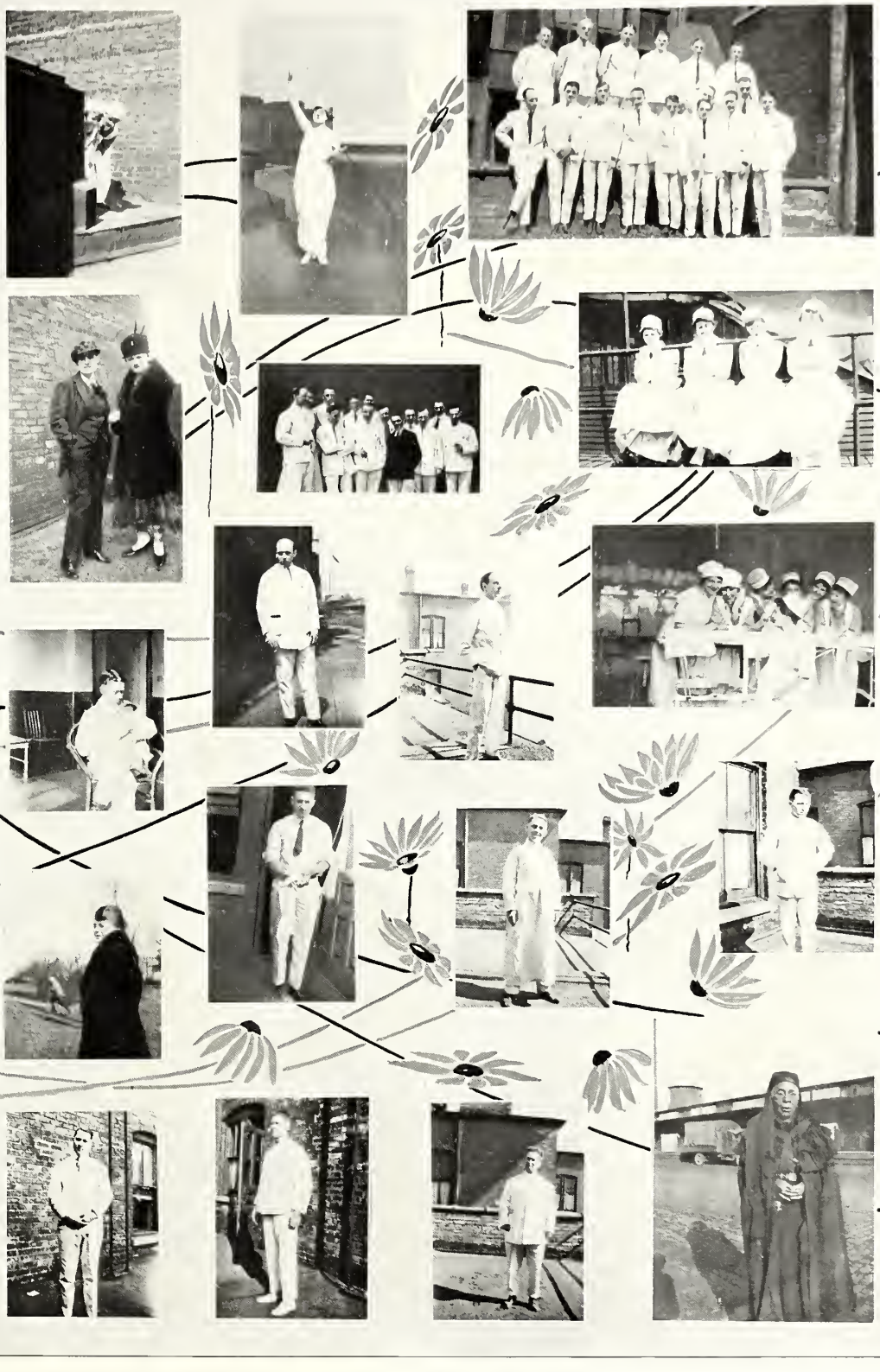
February 14th, 1919—Mr Bryson, our president, very generously gave us an elaborate Valentine party. It was suggestive of our anti-bellum parties given in the dining room. There were beautiful decorations of hearts, cupids and unusual suggestions pertaining to Valentine. Lovely favors and refreshments and best of all music was pleasing to the most exacting. Mr. Bryson was a patient in the house at the time and graciously attended to see personally that every one had a good time.

March 21st, 1919—Our "show," needless to say, this was a howling demonstration.

The idea was first conceived to make this book a success financially, our ambitions were more than realized. Brown Brothers opened the performance and gained the interest and enthusiasm of the audience at once. The Cabaret following was original to say the least.

April 14th, 1919—We staged our Carnival, the famous Werner Band leading this brilliant pageant. There were booth and side shows, no end, a jail, shoe shining parlors, windy cavern, fortune telling, nursery and hot dogs, to say nothing of a hurdy-gurdy and monkey. This show netted a good deal of money for our book.





Cable Piano

St. LUKE'S

ROASTS

Heard in the Office

Miss Pringle (to probationer)—"Did you want something?"

Probationer—"I would like 10 off today, please. I don't think it would inconvenience anyone—for I go to class every day at 10:30 anyway, and all the important work is done by that time."

A would-be nurse, instructed to report before noon, reported at 2:30 P. M. "Of course," said she, "I was just dying to come, but I didn't want to seem too anxious."

An order on record—"Crowd liquids."

Probationer (frantically searching medicine cabinet)—"Can anyone tell me where the 'crowd liquids' are kept?"

Dr. Coleman (to mother)—"Your child has galloping consumption."

Mother—"She had broncho-pneumonia in the fall. Does galloping consumption follow broncho-pneumonia?"

Doctor (doing a dressing in 3W)—"Nurse, where is the probe?"

Probationer—"Here I am, doctor."

Mother (anxiously)—"I know that my daughter will be a very successful nurse."

Mrs. McDonald—"That is very nice, I am sure. What special qualities does she possess?"

Mother—"She can go to sleep anywhere."

We Wonder If

Blanche will ever have anything but a pain?
If Slater will ever grow?
If Letty is still writing histories?
If Esther Cox will ever stop studying?
If Johnnie uses Peroxide?
If Dorothy will ever learn how to keep her late leaves?
If 'D floor could run without Blanche?
If Jacques will carry the C floor keys to Heaven?
If Mary will ever be Browne?
If Sis will ever learn to contaminate carbolic?
If Pete could live without Sammie?
If Emma Werner wouldn't like to be a man?
If Margaret knows the way to A7?
If Kitty Bender will retain her name long?
If Mary Pick was born clever?
If Leona has been measured for tan linen?
If Edith is still Sweet?

O, this hospital's a funny place—
The School gets all the fame,
The doctor gets the money
And the nurses get the blame.

With Apologies to W. W. L.

Dust in corners still reminds us
Of the days of Miss L. Spohr,
When we dared not leave behind us
Collars and aprons on the floor.

When we journeyed to A7
For little things like untidy beds,
And because our socks hung drying,
Calamity settled on our heads.

Now in France you'll find this lady,
And we find her notes no more,
While wounded Doughboys receive the attention
And tidy lectures of Miss L. Spohr.

To M. M.

We hate to get up for Chapel
But "The Powers That Be" are just,
If trips to A No. 7 won't impress us,
Then dusting the Chapel must.

The Mother Tongue as Observed in 4w

We have babes that are African, Italian and Jewish,
Armenian, Hungarian, Swedish and Polish,
But whatever their language, they all yell in English,
"Yow-ow-ow-ow-ow-ow-ow-ow-ow-ow."

St. Luke's Music Counter

Sweet Adelaide—Miss Buckingham.
Mickey—Blanche Driscoll.
The Pink Lady—Maxie.
My Wild Irish Rose—Dr. Kelly.
The Girl I Left Behind—Jinksie.
My Darling Nellie Gray—Nell Beebie.
What a Wonderful Mother You'd Be—Sis Howells.
The Happy Hayseed—Dillie Monnich.
O Min!—Minnie Young.
I Always Walk With Bill—Dorothy.
O Katinka—Nell Clayton.
My Hero—Bobbie Newman.
Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight—Dr. Kading.
Mammy's Little Coal Black Rose—Therese.
Frenchy—Ag Evans.
I'm a Jazz Baby—Rose Stengel.
I'm Always Chasing Rainbows—Dr. Foster.
You Made Me What I am Today—Ponty.
Give Me the Moonlight, Give Me the Girl, and Leave the Rest to Me—Keith McKee.
I'm Looking for Someone's Heart—Mabel Bagley.
Can You Tame Wild Women?—Jack Powers.
It's Great to Have a Flock of Men Around You—Mary Fairy.
How are You Going to Keep Them Down on the Farm—Ted Estrum.
They Always, Always Pick on Me—Margaret Strong.
My Great Big Blue Eyed Baby—Edith Beyer.
Onward Christian Soldiers—Schlag.
Gee, Don't I Wish I Had a Girl—Fag.
I Love the Ladies—Meyer.
Come Into the Garden, Maude—Miss Gooch.
Roaming in the Gloaming—Pansy.
So Long, Letty—Loretta Springer.

Things We Don't Often See

1 Rae Saville without "pep."
2 Grace when she is not stewing about something.
3 Nellie when she is not mothering Maxie.
4 Mabel Bagley not being rushed by an unknown Knight.
5 "O Min" sweetly agreeing with everyone.
6 Miss Buckingham without a demonstration at 7:30 p. m.
7 Therese not balling out the men.
8 Bj. not entertaining the blonde.
9 Schwepe not going out at night.
10 Dillie without a smile.
11 Jacques on good terms with anybody.
12 Maxie not telling the probes, "Now, when *I* was a junior."
13 Mrs. Smeltzer when she hasn't a bright idea.
14 Ethel Roose when "Papa" isn't in the background.
15 Sis and Mary on high speed.

St. Luke's Proverbs

"Early to bed and early to rise, for Pansy is watching and Miss Gooch is wise."

"A stitch in time saves a trip to the office."

"Better late than never unless the 'Night Sup' is in the office."

"Bluff, and we'll all believe you, pull a 'boner,' and suffer alone."

"Where there's a will, there's a Dorothy."

"There's many and many a slip can come in, twixt the poor little probie and the big oval pin.

"Don't count your dates before your notes are checked."

"A nurse is known by the frat pin she wears."

"Watch your step and keep her smiling."

Health Hints

To prevent a severe blow on the head, stay out of the room while Hal operates, and never ask a favor of Jake.

To avoid a prolonged smothering sensation, stay away from Meyer and don't call Sneeberger "Willie."

To combat the depressed sensation which follows a trip to A No. 7, sew on your buttons, and give your white hose to the maid.

For nerve stimulation at 7:15 a. m., try hiding in the clothes closet to dodge Chapel. Another good stimulant is attempting the morgue entrance at 1 a. m.

While A No. 7 is a common cause for cardiac failure, one can at least learn the names of "Chicago's Famous Physicians."

A good cure for cold hands is the combination of a dark corridor and amorous internes.

To prevent chapped cheeks, keep the chaps away from your cheeks.

To work up a staunch fighting spirit, room just beneath the nurse who rearranges her furniture at 11:30 p. m.

For aching, swollen feet, ask anybody like Miss Roberts or Miss Beyer.

If you are tired of life, and want to be an angel, let the "Wrecking Crew" work on you.

For any surgical operation from an ingrowing toenail to a laparotomy, B Floor has its dressing room ready and all the comforts of home.

Reginald, Call the Hearse for:

1. The nurse who blew out the lights.
2. The kind soul who donated the rising bell.
3. The wretch who first instituted the beans on Saturday tradition.
4. The gink who invented partial baths.
5. The nurse who swiped your last collar.
6. The interne who refuses to carry the tray.
7. The chef who makes the hand lotion pudding.
8. The abject creature who flunks us in State Board.
9. The Night Sup. with the flash light.
10. The nurse who swipes the stopper from the bath tub.
11. The patient who howls "Nur-r-r-r-r-r-se."
12. The Doctor who murmurs "Waiting."

Heard in the Stickney Corridor at 7:13 a.m.

"Mary, dear, are you going to get up?"
"Who can lend me an apron?" Dense silence follows.
"What *time* is it?"
"Someone swiped my cap."
"Letty, get up—it's 7:15."
"Say, kids, did Miss Gooch make rounds yesterday?"
"I'm going to hide in the clothes closet."
"Anybody got the right time?"
"Mabel, have you got an extra collar?"
"Gosh, kids, I'm going to get caught."
"My clock is stopped."
"Who's going to chapel?"
"For land's sakes—hurry, we're late."
"Gee, what time is it?—I just woke up."

Characteristic Gooch-like footsteps heard on the steps. There is a snap of lights, a smothered scramble for the back stairs—deep silence falls on the darkened corridor.

'Twas ever thus!

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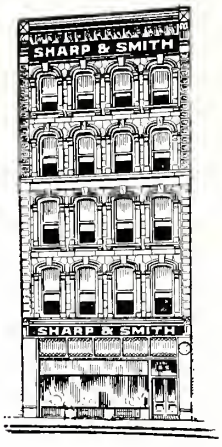

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DEPENDABILITY, purity, convenience and variety—these are the credentials of Armour's Package Foods. A test of one will prove the worth of all. That you may know the endless variety we have prepared this list.

Armour's Quality Package Foods

Meat Alternatives

Fish
Eggs
Cheese
Poultry
Peanut Butter
Chile Con Carne
Spaghetti
Pork and Beans

Spreads

Clovelawn Butter
Veribest Oleomargarine—
White
3X Oleomargarine—
Natural Color
Nut-ola Margarine
Peanut Butter
Apple Butter
Marmalade
Jellies
Syrups

Beverages

Cocoa
Coffee
Grape Juice
Apple Cider
Root Beer
Evaporated Milk
Bouillon

Cooking Fats

Vegetole—Pure Vegetable
Shortening
Veribest "Simon Pure" Leaf
Lard
Veribest Oleomargarine—
White
3X Oleomargarine
—Natural Color
Salad Oil

Package Cereals

Rice
Hominy
Rolled Oats
Corn Flakes

Seasonings and Condiments

Chili Sauce
Oyster Cocktail Sauce
Ketchup
Salad Oil
Tabasco Sauce
Salad Dressing
Extract of Beef

Smoked Meats

Stockinet Star Ham
Star Boiled Ham
Star Bacon
—In Piece
Veribest Sliced Bacon—
In Cartons and Glass Jars
Dried Beef

Canned Meats

Mince Meat
Potted Meats
Deviled Meats
Loaf Meats
Tongues—
Three Varieties
Sausage—
Five Varieties
Corned Beef
Luncheon Beef
Corned Beef Hash

Fruits (Canned)

Gooseberries
Loganberries
Raspberries
Strawberries
Blackberries
Blueberries
Plums
Apples
Cherries
Peaches
Pineapple
Apricots
Pears

Flavoring Extracts

Lemon
Orange
Vanilla

Dairy Products

Clovelawn Butter
Eggs
Cheese—
Many Varieties
Evaporated Milk

Soups

Chicken
Oxtail
Vegetable
Tomato
Mock Turtle
Consomme

For Soups and Gravies

Extract of Beef

Canned Vegetables

Asparagus
Beets
Peas
Sauer Kraut
Squash
Beans
Corn
Pumpkin
Spinach
Tomatoes

Canned Sea Foods

Salmon
Shrimp
Lobsters
Tuna Fish
Oysters

Sausage

Star Summer
Star Salami
Devonshire Farm
—Links or Meat
Veribest Pork Sausage
Veribest Frankfurts

These products are guaranteed highest quality and are marketed under the Armour Oval Label, which is recognized as identifying the top grades of all food products

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

4371

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